Cynthia.

VVITH CERtaine Sonnets, and the Legend of *Cassandra.*

Quod cupio nequeo.

At London,

Printed for Humfrey *Lownes, and are to bee* sold at the VVest doore of Paules. 1595.

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To the Right Honorable, and moſt noble-minded Lorde, VVilliam Stanley, Earle of Darby, &c.

RIGHT Honorable, the dutifull affection I beare to your manie vertues, is cauſe, that to manifeſt my loue to your Lordſhip, I am conſtrained to ſhew my ſimplenes to the world. Many are they that admire your worth, of the which number, I (though the meaneſt in abilitie, yet with the formoſt in affection) am one that moſt deſire to ſerue, and onely to ſerue your Honour.

Small is the gift, but great is my good-will; the which, by how much the leſſe I am able to expreſſe it, by ſo much the more it is infinite. Liue long; and inherit your Predeceſſors ver-

tues, as you doe their dignitie and estate. This is my wish: the which your honorable excellent gifres doe promise me to obtaine: and whereof these few rude and vnpolished lines, are a true (though an vndeseruing) testimony. If my ability were better, the signes should be greater; but being as it is, your honour must take me as I am, not as I should be. My yeares being so young, my perfection cannot be great: But howsoeuer it is, yours it is; and I my selfe am yours; in all humble seruice, most ready to be commaunded.

Richard Barnefeilde.

To the curteous Gentlemen Readers.

GEntlemen; the laſt Terme there came forth a little toy of mine, intituled, *The affectionate Shepheard*: In the which, his Country *Content* found ſuch friendly fauor, that it hath incouraged me to publiſh my ſecond fruites. *The affectionate Shepheard* being the firſt: howſoeuer vndeſeruedly (I proteſt) I haue beene thought (of ſome) to haue beene the authour of two Books heretofore. I neede not to name them, becauſe they are too-well knowne already: nor will I deny them, becauſe they are diſlik't; but becauſe they are not mine. This proteſtation (I hope) will ſatisfie th'indifferent: and as for them that are maliciouſly enuious, as I cannot, ſo I care not to pleaſe. Some there were, that did interpret *The affectionate Shepheard*, otherwiſe then (in truth) I meant, touching the ſubiect therof. to wit, the loue of a Shepheard to a boy; a fault, the which I will not excuſe, becauſe I neuer made. Onely this, I will vnſhaddow my conceit: being nothing elſe, but an imitation of *Virgill*, in the ſecond Eglogue of *Alexis*. In one or two places (in this Booke) I vſe

the name of *Eliza* paſtorally: wherein, leſt any one ſhould miſconſter my meaning (as I hope none will) I haue here briefly diſcouered my harmeles conceipt as concerning that name: whereof once (in a ſimple Shepheards deuice) I wrot this Epigramme.

One name there is, which name aboue all other
I moſt eſteeme, as time and place ſhall proue:
The one is Veſta, *th'other* Cupids *Mother,*
The firſt my Goddeſſe is, the laſt my loue;
Subiect to Both I am: to that by berth;
To this for beautie; faireſt on the earth.

Thus, hoping you will beare with my rude conceit of *Cynthia*, (if for no other cauſe, yet, for that it is the firſt imitation of the verſe of that excellent Poet, Maiſter *Spencer*, in his *Fayrie Queene*) I leaue you to the reading of that, which I ſo much deſire may breed your Delight.

Richard Barnefeild.

T. T. in commendation of the *Authour his worke.*

VVHylom that in a ſhepheards gray coate masked,
(Where masked loue the nonage of his skill)
Reares new his Eagle-winged pen, new tasked,
To ſcale the by-clift Muſe ſole-pleaſing hill:
Dropping ſweete Nectar poeſie from his quill,
Admires faire CYNTHIA with his iuory pen
Faire CYNTHIA lou'd, fear'd, of Gods and men.

Downe ſliding from that cloudes ore-pearing mounteine:
Decking with double grace the neighbour plaines,
Drawes chriſtall dew, from PEGASE foote-ſprung fountain,
Whoſe flower ſet banks, delights, ſweet choice containes:
Nere yet diſcouerd to the country ſwaines:
Heere bud thoſe branches, which adorne his turtle,
With loue made garlands, of heart-bleeding Mirtle.

Rays'd from the cynders, of the thrice-fact towne
ILLIONS ſooth-telling SYBILLIST appeares,
Eclipſing PHOEBVS loue, with ſcornefull frowne,
Whoſe tragicke end, affords warme-water teares,
(For pitty-wanting PACOE, none forbeares,
Such period haps, to beauties price ore-priz'd:
Where IANVS-faced loue, doth lurke diſguiz'd.

Nere waining CYNTHIA yeelds thee triple thankes,
Whoſe beames vnborrowed darke the worlds faire eie,
And as full ſtreames that euer fill their bankes,
So thoſe rare Sonnets, where wits ripe doth lie,
With Troian Nimph, doe ſoare thy fame to skie.
And thoſe, and theſe, contend thy Muſe to raiſe
(Larke mounting Muſe) with more then common praiſe.

To

To his Miſtreſſe.

BRight Starre of Beauty, faireſt Faire aliue,
Rare preſident of peereleſſe chaſtity;
(In whom the Muſes and the Graces ſtriue,
VVhich ſhall poſſeſſe the chiefeſt part of thee:)
Oh let theſe ſimple lines accepted bee:
VVhich here I offer at thy ſacred ſhrine:
Sacred, becauſe ſweete Beauty is diuine.

And though I cannot pleaſe each curious eare,
With ſugred Notes of heauenly Harmonie:
Yet if my loue ſhall to thy ſelfe appeare,
No other Muſe I will inuoke but thee:
And if thou wilt my faire *Thalia* bee,
Ile ſing ſweet Hymnes and praiſes to thy name,
In that cleare Temple of eternall Fame.

But ah (alas) how can mine infant Muſe
(That neuer heard of *Helicon* before)
Performe my promiſe paſt: when they refuſe
Poore Shepheards Plaints? yet will I ſtill adore
Thy ſacred Name, although I write no more:
Yet hope I ſhall, if this accepted bee:
If not, in ſilence ſleepe eternally.

CYNTHIA.

NOW was the Welkyn all inuelloped
With duskie Mantle of the sable Night:
And CYNTHIA lifting vp her drouping head,
Blusht at the Beautie of her borrowed light,
When Sleepe now summon'd euery mortal wight.
Then loe (me thought) I saw or seem'd to see,
An heauenly Creature like an Angell bright,
That in great haste came pacing towards mee:
Was neuer mortall eye beheld so faire a Shee.

Thou lazie man (quoth she) what mak'st thou heere
(Luld in the lap of Honours Enimie?)
I heere to summand thee now for to appeare
(By vertue of IOVES mickle Maiestie)
In yonder Wood. (Which with her finger shee
Out-poynting) had no sooner turn'd her face,
And leauing mee to muze what she should bee,
Vanished into some other place: (Race.
But straite (me thought) I saw a rout of heauenlie

Downe in a Dale, hard by a Forreſt ſide,
(Vnder the ſhaddow of a loftie Pine,)
Not far from whence a trickling ſtreame did glide,
Did nature by her ſecret art combine,
A pleaſant Arbour, of a ſpreading Vine:
Wherein Art ſtroue with nature to compaire,
That made it rather ſeeme a thing diuine,
Being ſcituate all in the open Aire:
A fairer nere was ſeene, if any ſcene ſo faire.

There might one ſee, and yet not ſee (indeede)
Freſh *Flora* flouriſhing in chiefeſt Prime,
Arrayed all in gay and gorgeous weede,
The Primroſe and ſweet-ſmelling Eglantine,
As fitted beſt beguiling ſo the time:
And euer as ſhe went ſhe ſtrewd the place,
Red-roſes mixt with Daffadillies fine,
For Gods and Goddeſſes, that in like caſe
In this ſame order ſat, with il-beſeeming grace.

First, in a royall Chaire of massie gold,
(Bard all about with plates of burning steele)
Sat *Iupiter* most glorious to behold,
And in his hand was placed Fortunes wheele:
The which he often turn'd, and oft did reele.
And next to him, in griefe and gealouzie,
(If sight may censure what the heart doth feele)
In sad lament was placed *Mercurie*;
That dying seem'd to weep, & weeping seem'd to die.

On th'other side, aboue the other twaine,
(Delighting as it seem'd to sit alone)
Sat *Mulciber*; in pride and high disdaine,
Mounted on high vpon a stately throne,
And euen with that I heard a deadly grone:
Muzing at this, & such an vncouth sight, (mone)
(Not knowing what shoulde make that pitcous
I saw three furies, all in Armour dight,
With euery one a Lampe, and euery one a light.

I deemed so; nor was I much deceau'd,
For poured forth in sensuall Delight,
There might I see of Sences quite bereau'd
King *Priams* Sonne, that *Alexander* hight,
(Wrapt in the Mantle of eternall Night.)
And vnder him, awaiting for his fall,
Sate Shame, here Death, & there sat fel Despight,
That with their Horrour did his heart appall:
Thus was his Blisse to Bale, his Hony turn'd to gall.

In which delight feeding mine hungry eye,
Of two great Goddesses a sight I had,
And after them in wondrous Iollity,
(As one that inly ioy'd, so was she glad)
The Queene of Loue full royallie yclad,
In glistring Golde, and peereless precious stone,
There might I spie: and her Companion bad,
Proud *Paris*, Nephew to *Laomedon*,
That afterward did cause the Death of many a one.

By

By this the formoſt melting all in teares,
And rayning downe reſolued Pearls in ſhowers,
Gan to approach the place of heauenly Pheares,
And with her weeping, watring all their Bowers,
Throwing ſweet Odors on thoſe fading flowers,
At length, ſhe them beſpake thus mournfullie.
High *Ioue* (quoth ſhe) and yee Cœleſtiall powers,
That here in Iudgement ſit twixt her and mee,
Now liſten (for a while) and iudge with equitie.

Sporting our ſelues to day, as wee were woont,
(I meane, I, *Pallas*, and the Queene of Loue,)
Intending with *Diana* for to hunt,
On *Ida* Mountaine top our skill to proue,
A golden Ball was trindled from aboue,
And on the Rinde was writ this Poeſie,
PVLCHERIMÆ for which a while we ſtroue,
Each ſaying ſhee was faireſt of the three,
VVhen loe a ſhepheards Swaine not far away we ſee.

I ſpi'd him firſt, and ſpying thus beſpake,
Shall yonder Swaine vnfolde the myſteric?
Agree'd (quoth *Venus*,) and by *Stygian* Lake,
To whom he giues the ball ſo ſhall it bee:
Nor from his cenſure will I flie, quoth ſhee,
(Poynting to *Pallas* (though I looſe the gole.
Thus euery one yplac'd in her degree,
The Shepheard comes, whoſe partial eies gan role,
And on our beuties look't, and of our beuties ſtole.

I promis'd wealth, *Minerua* promis'd wit,
(Shee promis'd wit to him that was vnwiſe,)
But he (fond foole) had ſoone refuſed it,
And minding to beſtow that glorious Prize,
On *Venus*, that with pleaſure might ſuffize
His greedie minde in looſe laciuiouſnes:
Vpon a ſudden, wanting good aduice,)
Holde here (quoth he) this golden Ball poſſeſſe,
Which *Paris* giues to thee for meede of worthines,

Thus

Thus haue I ſhew'd the ſumme of all my ſute,
And as a Plaintiffe heere appeale to thee,
And to the reſt. Whoſe folly I impute
To filthie luſt, and partialitie,
That made him iudge amiſſe: and ſo doe we
(Quoth *Pallas*, *Venus*) nor will I gaine-ſay,
Although it's mine by right, yet willinglie,
I heere diſclaime my title and obey:
When ſilence being made, *Ioue* thus began to ſaie.

Thou *Venus*, art my darling, thou my deare,
(*Minerua*,) ſhee, my ſiſter and my wife:
So that of all a due reſpect I beare,
Aſſign'd as one to end this doubtfull ſtrife, (life)
(Touching your forme, your fame, your loue, your
Beauty is vaine much like a gloomy light,
And wanting wit is counted but a trife,
Eſpecially when Honour's put to flight:
Thus of a louely, ſoone becomes a loathly ſight.

VVit without wealth is bad, yet counted good,
wealth wanting wisdom's worse, yet deem'd as wel,
From whence (for ay) doth flow, as from a flood,
A pleasant Poyson, and a heauenly Hell,
where mortall men doe couet still to dwell.
Yet one there is to Vertue so inclin'd,
That as for Maiesty she beares the Bell,
So in the truth who tries her princelie minde,
Both Wisdom, Beauty, Wealth, & all in her shal find.

In Westerne world amids the Ocean maine,
In coumpleat Vertue shining like the Sunne,
In great Renowne a maiden Queene doth raigne,
Whose royall Race, in Ruine first begun, (done:
Till Heauens bright Lamps dissolue shall nere bee
In whose faire eies Loue lincked with vertues been,
In euerlasting Peace and Vnion.
Which sweet Consort in her full well beseeme
Of Bounty, and of Beauty fairest Fayrie Queene.

And

And to conclude, the gifts in her yfound,
Are all ſo noble, royall, and ſo rare,
That more and more in her they doe abound;
In her moſt peereleſſe Prince without compare,
Endowing ſtill her minde with vertuous care:
That through the world (ſo wide) the flying fame,
(And Name that Enuies ſelfe cannot impaire,)
Is blown of this faire Queen, this gorgeous dame,
Fame borowing al més mouths to royalize the ſame.

And with this ſentence *Iupiter* did end,
This is the Pricke (quoth he) this is the praies,
To whom, this as a Preſent I will ſend,
That ſhameth *Cynthia* in her ſiluer Raies,
If ſo you three this deed doe not diſpleaſe.
Then one, and all, and euery one of them,
To her that is the honour of her daies,
A ſecond *Iudith* in IERVSALEM.
To her we ſend this Pearle, this Iewell, and this Iem.

Then

Then call'd he vp the winged *Mercury*,
(The mighty Messenger of Gods enrold,)
And bad him hither hastily to hie,
Whō tended by her Nymphes he should behold,
Like Pearles ycouched all in shining gold.)
And euen with that, frō pleasant slumbring sleepe,
(Desiring much these wonders to vnfold)
I wak'ning, when *Aurora* gan to peepe, (weepe.
Depriu'd so soone of my sweet Dreame, gan almost

The Conclusion.

THus, sacred Virgin, Muse of chastitie,
This difference is betwixt the Moone and thee:
Shee shines by Night; but thou by Day do'st shine:
Shee Monthly changeth; thou do'st nere decline:
And as the Sunne, to her, doth lend his light,
So hee, by thee, is onely made so bright:
Yet neither Sun, nor Moone, thou canst be named,
Because thy light hath both their beauties shamed:
Then, since an heauenly Name doth thee befall,
Thou VIRGO art: (if any Signe at all.

FINIS.

SONNET. I.

Sporting at fancie, ſetting light by loue,
There came a theefe and ſtole away my heart,
(And therefore robd me of my chiefeſt part)
Yet cannot Reaſon him a felon proue.
For why his beauty (my hearts chiefe) affirmeth,
Piercing no skin (the bodies ſenſiue wall)
And hauing leaue, and free conſent withall,
Himſelfe not guilty, whom loue guilty tearmeth,
Conſcience the Iudge, twelue Reaſons are the Iurie,
They finde mine eies his beautie t'haue let in,
And on this verdict giuen, agreed they bin,
VVherefore, becauſe his beauty did allure yee,
Your Doome is this: in teares ſtill to be drowned,
VVhen his faire forehead with diſdain is frowned.

Beauty

SONNET. 11.

Beuty and Maiesty are falne at ods, (chin;
Th'one claimes his cheeke, the other claimes his
Then Vertue comes, and puts her title in.
(Quoth she) I make him like th'immortall Gods.
(Quoth Maiestie) I owne his lookes, his Brow,
His lips, (quoth Loue) his eies, his faire is mine.
And yet (quoth Maiesty) he is not thine,
I mixe Disdaine with Loues congealed Snow.
I, but (quoth Loue) his lockes are mine (by right)
His stately gate is mine (quoth Maiestie,)
And mine (quoth Vertue) is his Modestie.
Thus as they striue about this heauenly wight,
At last the other two to Vertue yeeld,
The lists of Loue, fought in faire Beauties field.

The

SONNET. VIII.

The Stoicks thinke, (and they come neere the truth,)
That vertue is the chiefest good of all,
The Academicks on *Idea* call.
The Epicures in pleasure spend their youth,
The Perrepatetickes iudge felicitie,
To be the chiefest good aboue all other,
One man, thinks this: & that conceaues another:
So that in one thing very few agree.
Let Stoicks haue their Vertue if they will,
And all the rest their chiefe-supposed good,
Let cruell Martialists delight in blood,
And Mysers ioy their bags with gold to fill:
My chiefest good, my chiefe felicity,
Is to be gazing on my loues faire eies

Two

SONNET. IIII.

Two ſtars there are in one faire firmament,
(Of ſome intitled *Ganymedes* ſweet face)
VVhich other ſtars in brightnes doe diſgrace,
As much as *Po* in clearenes paſſeth *Trent*.
Nor are they common natur'd ſtars: for why,
Theſe ſtars whē other ſhine vaile their pure light,
And when all other vaniſh out of ſight,
They adde a glory to the worlds great cie,
By theſe two ſtars my life is onely led,
In them I place my ioy, in them my pleaſure,
Loues piercing Darts, & Natures precious treaſure
VVith their ſweet foode my fainting ſoule is fed:
Then when my ſunne is abſent from my ſight
How can it chuſe (with me) but be darke night?

It

SONNET. V.

It is reported of faire *Thetis* Sonne,
(*Achilles* famous for his chiualry,
His noble minde and magnanimity,)
That when the Troian warres were new begun,
VVhos'euer was deepe-wounded with his speare,
Could neuer be recured of his maime,
Nor euer after be made whole againe:
Except with that speares rust he holpen were.
Euen so it fareth with my fortune now,
VVho being wounded with his piercing eie,
Must either thereby finde a remedy,
Or els to be releeu'd I know not how.
Then if thou hast a minde stil to annoy me,
Kill me with kisses, if thou wilt destroy me.

Sweete

SONNET. VI.

Sweet Corrall lips, where Natures treasure lies,
The balme of blisse, the soueraigne salue of sorrow
The secret touch of loues heart-burning arrow,
Come quench my thirst or els poore *Daphne* dies.
One night I dream'd (alas twas but a Dreame)
That I did feele the sweetnes of the same,
Where-with inspir'd, I young againe became,
And from my heart a spring of blood did streame,
But when I wak'd, I found it nothing so,
Saue that my limbs (me thought) did waxe more
And I more lusty far, & far more yong. (strong
This gift on him rich Nature did bestow.
Then if in dreaming so, I so did speede,
What should I doe, if I did so indeede?

Sweete

SONNET. VII.

Sweet *Thames* I honour thee, not for thou art
The chiefeſt Riuer of the faireſt Ile,
Nor for thou doſt admirers eies beguile,
But for thou hold'ſt the keeper of my heart,
For on thy waues, (thy Chriſtal-billow'd waues,)
My faireſt faire, my ſiluer Swan is ſwimming:
Againſt the ſunne his pruned feathers trimming:
VVhilſt *Neptune* his faire feete with water laues,
Neptune, I feare not thee, nor yet thine eie,
And yet (alas) *Apollo* lou'd a boy,
And *Cyparissus* was *Siluanus* ioy.
No, no, I feare none but faire *Thetis*, I,
For if ſhe ſpie my Loue, (alas) aie me,
My mirth is turn'd to extreame miſerie.

SONNET. VIII.

Sometimes I wiſh that I his pillow were,
So might I ſteale a kiſſe, and yet not ſeene,
So might I gaze vpon his ſleeping eine,
Although I did it with a panting feare:
But when I well conſider how vaine my wiſh is,
Ah fooliſh Bees (thinke I) that doe not ſucke,
His lips for hony; but poore flowers doe plucke
Which haue no ſweet in them: when his ſole kiſſes,
Are able to reuiue a dying ſoule.
Kiſſe him, but ſting him not, for if you doe,
His angry voice your flying will purſue:
But when they heare his tongue, what can controule,
Their back-returne? for then they plaine may ſee,
How hony-combs from his lips dropping bee.

Diana

SONNET. IX.

Diana (on a time) walking the wood,
To ſport herſelfe, of her faire traine forlorne,
Chaunc't for to pricke her foote againſt a thorne,
And from thence iſſu'd out a ſtreame of blood.
No ſooner ſhee was vaniſht out of ſight,
But Ioues faire Queen came there away by chãce,
And hauing of this hap a glym'ring glance,
She put the blood into a chriſtall bright,
When being now comne vnto mount *Rhodope*,
With her faire hands ſhe formes a ſhape of Snow,
And blends it with this blood; from whence doth (grow
A louely creature, brighter then the Dey.
And being chriſtned in faire *Paphos* ſhrine,
She call'd him *Ganymede*: as all diuine.

SONNET. X.

Thus was my loue, thus was my *Ganymed*,
(Heauens ioy, worlds wonder, natures faireſt work,
In whoſe aſpect Hope and Diſpaire doe lurke)
Made of pure blood in whiteſt ſnow yſhed,
And for ſweete *Venus* only form'd his face,
And his each member delicately framed,
And laſt of all faire *Ganymede* him named,
His limbs (as their Creatrix) her imbrace.
But as for his pure, ſpotles, vertuous minde,
Becauſe it ſprung of chaſte *Dianaes* blood;
(Goddeſſe of Maides, directreſſe of all good,)
Hit wholy is to chaſtity inclinde.
And thus it is: as far as I can proue,
He loues to be belou'd, but not to loue,

Sighing,

SONNET. XI.

Sighing, and ſadly ſitting by my Loue,
He ask't the cauſe of my hearts ſorrowing,
Coniuring me by heauens eternall King
To tell the cauſe which me ſo much did moue.
Compell'd: (quoth I) to thee I will confeſſe,
Loue is the cauſe; and onely loue it is
That doth depriue me of my heauenly bliſſe.
Loue is the paine that doth my heart oppreſſe.
And what is ſhe (quoth he) whō thou do'ſt loue?
Looke in this glaſſe (quoth I) there ſhalt thou ſee
The perfect forme of my fælicitie.
When, thinking that it would ſtrāge Magique proue,
He open'd it: and taking off the couer,
He ſtraight perceau'd himſelfe to be my Louer.

SONNET. XII.

Some talke of *Ganymede* th' *Idalian* Boy,
And some of faire *Adonis* make their boast,
Some talke of him whom louely *Leda* lost,
And some of *Ecchoes* loue that was so coy.
They speake by heere-say, I of perfect truth,
They partially commend the persons named,
And for them, sweete Encomions haue framed:
I onely t'him haue sacrifiz'd my youth.
As for those wonders of antiquitie,
And those whom later ages haue inioy'd,
(But ah what hath not cruell death destroide?
Death, that enuies this worlds felicitie.)
They were (perhaps) lesse faire then Poets write,
But he is fairer then I can indite.

Speake

SONNET. XIII.

Speake Eccho, tell; how may I call my loue? *Loue.*
But how his Lamps that are so christaline? *Eyne.*
Oh happy starts that make your heauens diuine:
And happy Iems that admiration moue.
How tearm'st his goldē tresses wau'd with aire? *Haire.*
Oh louely haire of your more-louely Maister,
Image of loue, faire shape of Alablaster,
Why do'st thou driue thy Louer to dispaire?
How do'st thou cal the bed wher beuty grows? *Rose.*
Faire virgine-Rose, whose mayden blossoms couer
The milke-white Lilly, thy imbracing Louer:
Whose kisses makes thee oft thy red to lose.
And blushing oft for shame whē he hath kist thee,
He vades away, & thou raing'st where it list thee.

SONNET. XIIII.

Here, hold this gloue (this milk-white cheueril gloue)
Not quaintly ouer-wrought with curious knots,
Nor deckt with golden ſpangs, nor ſiluer ſpots;
Yet wholſome for thy hand as thou ſhalt proue.
Ah no: (ſweet boy) place this gloue neere thy heart,
Weare it, and lodge it ſtill within thy breſt,
So ſhalt thou make me (moſt vnhappy,) bleſt.
So ſhalt thou rid my paine, and eaſe my ſmart.
How can that be (perhaps) thou wilt reply,
A gloue is for the hand, not for the heart;
Nor can it well be prou'd by common art,
Nor reaſons rule. To this, thus anſwere I:
If thou from gloue do'ſt take away the g,
Then gloue is loue: and ſo I ſend it thee.

SONNET. XV.

A faireſt *Ganymede*, diſdaine me not,
Though ſilly Sheepeheard I, preſume to loue thee,
Though my harſh ſongs & Sonnets cannot moue
Yet to thy beauty is my loue no blot. (thee,
Apollo, *Ioue*, and many Gods beſide,
S'daind not the name of cũtry ſhepheards ſwains,
Nor want we pleaſure, though we take ſome pains,
We liue contentedly: a thing call'd pride,
Which ſo corrupts the Court and euery place,
(Each place I meane where learning is neglected,
And yet of late, euen learnings ſelfe's infected)
I know not what it meanes, in any caſe:
Wee onely (when *Molorchus* gins to peepe)
Learne for to folde, and to vnfold our sheepe.

Long

SONNET. XVI.

Long haue I long'd to see my Loue againe,
Still haue I wisht, but neuer could obtaine it;
Rather than all the world (if I might gaine it)
Would I desire my loues sweet precious gaine.
Yet in my soule I see him euerie day,
See him, and see his still sterne countenaunce,
But (ah) what is of long continuance,
Where Maiestie and Beautie beares the sway?
Sometimes, when I imagine that I see him,
(As loue is full of fooliſh fantasies)
VVeening to kisse his lips, as my loues fee's,
I feele but Aire: nothing but Aire to bee him.
Thus with *Ixion*, kisse I cloudes in vaine:
Thus with *Ixion*, feele I endles paine.

Cherrie

SONNET. XVII.

Cherry-lipt *Adonis* in his ſnowie ſhape,
Might not compare with his pure Iuorie white,
On whoſe faire front a Poets pen may write,
Whoſe roſiate red excels the crimſon grape,
His loue-enticing delicate ſoft limbs,
Are rarely fram'd t'intrap poore gazing eies:
His cheekes, the Lillie and Carnation dies,
With louely tincture which *Apolloes* dims.
His lips ripe ſtrawberries in Nectar wet,
His mouth a Hiue, his tongue a hony-combe,
Whore Muſes (like Bees) make their manſion.
His teeth pure Pearle in bluſhing Correll ſet,
Oh how can ſuch a body ſinne-procuring,
Be ſlow to loue, and quicke to hate, enduring?

Not

SONNET. XVIII.

Not *Megabates*, nor *Cleonymus*,
(Of whom great *Plutarck* makes such mention,
Prayſing their faire with rare inuention)
As *Ganymede* were halfe so beauteous.
They onely pleas'd the eies of two great Kings,
But all the worlde at my loue ſtands amazed,
Nor one that on his Angels face hath gazed,
But (rauiſht with delight) him Preſents brings.
Some weaning Lambs, and ſome a ſuckling Kyd,
Some Nuts, and fil-beards, others Peares & Plums,
Another with a milk-white Heyfar comes,
As lately *Ægons* man (*Dametas*) did:
But neither he, nor all the Nymphs beſide,
Can win my *Ganymede*; with them t'abide.

Ah

SONNET. XIX.

Ah no; nor I my ſelfe: though my pure loue
(Sweete *Ganymede* to thee hath ſtill beene pure,
And euen till my laſt gaſpe ſhall aie endure,
Could euer thy obdurate beuty moue:
Then ceaſe oh Goddeſſe ſonne (for ſure thou art,
A Goddeſſe ſonne that canſt reſiſt deſire)
Ceaſe thy hard heart, and entertaine loues fire,
Within thy ſacred breaſt: by Natures art.
And as I loue thee more then any Creature,
(Loue thee, becauſe thy beautie is diuine;
Loue thee, becauſe my ſelfe, my ſoule is thine;
Wholie deuoted to thy louelie feature)
Euen ſo of all the vowels, I and V,
Are deareſt vnto mee, as doth enſue.

But

SONNET. XX.

But now my Muſe toyld with continuall care,
Begins to faint, and ſlacke her former pace,
Expecting fauour from that heauenly grace,
That maie (in time) her feeble ſtrength repaire.
Till when (ſweete youth) th' eſſence of my ſoule,
(Thou that doſt ſit and ſing at my hearts griefe.
Thou that doſt ſend thy ſhepheard no reliefe)
Beholde, theſe lines; the ſonnes of Teares and Dole.
Ah had great *Colin* chiefe of ſheepheards all,
Or gentle *Rowland*, my profeſſed friend,
Had they thy beautie, or my pennance pend,
Greater had beene thy fame, and leſſe my fall:
But ſince that euerie one cannot be wittie,
Pardon I craue of them, and of thee, pitty.

FINIS.

ANOODE.

NIghts were ſhort, and daies were long;
Bloſſoms on the Hauthorn's hung:
Philomele (Night-Muſiques King)
Tolde the comming of the ſpring.
Whoſe ſweete ſilver-ſounding voice
Made the little birds reioice:
Skipping light from ſpray to ſpray,
Till *Aurora* ſhew'd the day.
Scarce might one ſee, when I might ſee
(For ſuch chaunces ſudden bee)
By a well of Marble-ſtone,
A Shepheard lying all alone.
Weepe he did; and his weeping
Made the fading flowers ſpring.
Daphnis was his name (I weene)
Youngeſt Swaine of Summers Queene.
When *Aurora* ſaw t'was he,
Weepe ſhe did for companie:

ANODE.

Weepe ſhe did for her ſweete ſonne,
That (when antique *Troy* was wonne)
Suffer'd death by luckleſſe fate,
Whom ſhe now laments too late:
And each morning (by Cocks crew)
Showers downe her ſiluer dew.
Whoſe teares (falling from their ſpring)
Giue moyſture to each liuing thing,
That on earth increaſe and grow,
Through power of their friendlie foe.
Whoſe effect when *Flora* felt,
Teares, that did her boſome melt,
(For who can reſiſt teares often,
But Shee whom no teares can ſoften?)
Peering ſtraite aboue the banks,
Shew'd herſelfe to giue her thanks.
Wondring thus at Natures worke,
(Wherein many maruailes lurke)

Me

AN ODE.

Me thought I heard a dolefull noiſe,
Conſorted with a mournfull voice,
Drawing nie to heare more plaine,
Heare I did, vnto my paine,
(For who is not pain'd to heare
Him in griefe whom heart holdes deare?)
Silly ſwaine (with griefe ore-gone)
Thus to make his piteous mone.
Loue I did, (alas the while)
Loue I did, but did beguile
My deare loue with louing ſo,
(VVhom as then I did not know.)
Loue I did the faireſt boy,
That theſe fields did ere enioy.
Loue I did faire *Ganymed*;
(*Venus* darling, beauties bed:)
Him I thought the faireſt creature;
Him the quinteſſence of Nature;

AN ODE.

But yet (alas) I was deceiu'd,
(Loue of reason is bereau'd)
For since then I saw a Lasse,
(Lasse) that did in beauty passe,
(Passe) faire *Ganymede* as farre
As *Phœbus* doth the smallest starre.
Loue commaunded me to loue;
Fancy bade me not remoue
My affection from the swaine
Whom I neuer could obtaine:
(For who can obtaine that fauour,
Which he cannot graunt the crauer?)
Loue at last (though loath) preuailde;
(Loue) that to my heart assailde;
Wounding me with her faire eies,
(Ah how Loue can subtelize,
And deuize a thousand shifts,
How to worke men to his drifts)

Her

AN ODE.

Her it is, for whom I mourne;
Her, for whom my life I ſcorne;
Her, for whom I weepe all day;
Her, for whom I ſigh, and ſay,
Either She, or els no creature,
Shall enioy my loue: whoſe feature
Though I neuer can obtaine,
Yet ſhall my true loue remaine:
Till (my body turn'd to clay)
My poore ſoule muſt paſſe away,
To the heauens; where (I hope)
Hit ſhall finde a reſting ſcope:
Then ſince I loued thee (alone)
Remember me when I am gone.
Scarce had he theſe laſt words ſpoken,
But me thought his heart was broken;
With great griefe that did abound,
(Cares and griefe the heart confound)

AN ODE.

In whose heart (thus riu'd in three)
ELIZA written I might see:
In Caracters of crimson blood,
(VVhose meaning well I vnderstood.)
VVhich, for my heart might not behold,
I hyed me home my sheepe to folde.

FINIS.

CASSANDRA.

VPon a gorgious gold-embossed bed,
With Tissue curtaines drawne against the sunne,
(Which gazers eies into amazement led,
So curiously the workmanship was done,)
Lay faire *Cassandra*, in her snowie smocke,
Whose lips the Rubies and the pearles did locke.

And from her Iuory front hung dangling downe,
A bush of long and louely curled haire;
VVhose head impalled with a precious Crowne
Of orient Pearle, made her to seeme more faire:
And yet more faire she hardly could be thought,
Then Loue and Nature in her face had wrought.

By this young *Phœbus* rising from the East,
Had tane a view of this rare Paragon:
Wherewith he soone his radiant beames addrest,
And with great ioy her (sleeping) gaz'd vpon:
Til at the last, through her bright cazemẽts cleare,
He stole a kisse: and softly call'd her Deare.

Yet not ſo ſoftly but (thetewith awak't,)
Shee gins to open her faire chriſtall couers,
Wherewith the wounded God, for terror quakt,
(Viewing thoſe darts that kill diſdained louers:)
And bluſhing red to ſee himſelfe ſo ſhamed
He ſcorns his Coach, & his owne beauty blamed.

Now with a trice he leaues the azures skies,
(As whilome *Ioue* did at *Europaes* rape,)
And rauiſht with her loue-aluring eies,
He turns himſelfe into a humane ſhape:
And that his wiſh the ſooner might enſue,
He ſutes himſelfe like one of *Venus* crew.

Vpon his head he wore a Hunters hat,
Of crimſon veluet, ſpangd with ſtars of gold,
Which grac'd his louely face: and ouer that,
A ſiluer hatband ritchly to behold:
On his left ſhoulder hung a looſe Tyara,
As whilome vs'd faire *Pentheſilea*.

CASSANDRA.

Faire *Penthesilea* th' *Amazonian* Queene,
When she to Troy came with her warlike band,
Of braue Viragoes glorious to be seene;
Whose manlike force no power might withstand:
So look't *Apollo* in his louely weedes,
As he vnto the Troian Damzell speedes.

Not faire *Adonis* in his chiefest pride,
Did seeme more faire, then young *Apollo* seemed,
When he through th'aire inuisibly did glide,
T'obtaine his Loue, which he Angelike deemed:
Whom finding in her chamber all alone,
He thus begins t'expresse his piteous mone.

O faireſt, faire, aboue all faires (quoth hee,)
If euer Loue obtained Ladies fauour,
Then shew thy selfe compassionate to me,
Whose heart surpriz'd with thy diuine behauiour,
Yeelds my selfe captiue to thy conqu'ring eies:
Oh then shew mercy, doe not tyrannize.

Scarce had *Apollo* vttei'd theſe laſt words,
(Rayning downe pearle from his immortall eies,)
VVhen ſhe for anſwere, naught but feare affords,
Filling the place with lamentable cries:
But *Phœbus* fearing much theſe raging fits,
VVith ſugred kiſſes ſweetely charm'd her lips.

And tell's her ſoftly in her ſofter eare,)
That he a God is, and no mortall creature:
Wherewith abandoning all needleſſe feare,
(A common frailtie of weake womans nature)
She boldly askes him of his deitie,
Gracing her queſtion with her wanton eie.

Which charge to him no ſooner was aſſignde,
But taking faire *Caſſandra* by the hand
(The true bewraier of his ſecrete minde)
He firſt begins to let her vnderſtand,
That he from *Demogorgon* was deſcended:
Father of th' Earth, of Gods & men commended.

The tenor of which tale he now recites,
Closing each period with a rauisht kisse:
Which kindnes, she vnwillingly requites,
Conioyning oft her Corrall lips to his:
Not that she lou'd the loue of any one;
But that she meant to cozen him anone.

Hee briefly t' her relates his pedegree:
The sonne of *Ioue*, sole guider of the sunne,
He that slue *Python* so victoriously,
He that the name of wisdomes God hath wonne,
The God of Musique, and of Poetry:
Of Phisicke, Learning, and Chirurgery.

All which he eloquently reckons vp,
That she might know how great a God he was:
And beeing charm'd with *Cupids* golden cup
He partially vnto her praise doth passe,
Calling her tipe of honour, Queene of beauty:
To whom all eies owe tributary duety.

CASSANDRA.

I loued once, (quoth hee) aie me I lou'd,
As faire a ſhape as euer nature framed:
Had ſhe not been ſo hard t'haue beene remou'd,
By birth a ſea-Nymph; cruell *Daphne* named:
Whom, for ſhee would not to my will agree,
The Gods transform'd into a Laurell tree.

Ah therefore be not, (with that word he kiſt her)
Be not (quot he) ſo proud as *Daphne* was:
Ne care thou for the anger of my ſiſter,
She cannot, nay ſhe ſhall not hurt my *Caſſ:*
For if ſhe doe, I vow (by dreadfull night)
Neuer againe to lend her of my light.

This ſaid: he ſweetly doth imbrace his loue,
Yoaking his armes about her Iuory necke:
And call's her wanton *Venus* milk-white Doue,
VVhoſe ruddie lips the damaske roſes decke.
And euer as his tongue compiles her praiſe,
Loue daintie Dimples in her cheekes doth raiſe.

And

And meaning now to worke her ſtratagem
Vpon the ſilly God, that thinks none ill,
She hugs him in her armes, and kiſſes him;
Th' eaſlyer to intice him to her will.)
And being not able to maintaine the feeld,
Thus ſhe begins (or rather ſeemes) to yeeld.

VVoon with thy words, and raviſht with thy beauty,
Loe here *Caſſandra* yeelds her ſelfe to thee,
Requiring nothing for thy vowed duety,
But only firmneſſe, Loue, and ſecrecy:
Which for that now (euen now) I mean to try thee
A boone I craue: which thou canſt not deny me.

Scarce were theſe honywords breath'd from her lips,
But he, ſuppoſing that ſhe ment good-faith,
Her filed tongues temptations interceps;
And (like a Nouice,) thus to her he ſaith:
Aske what thou wilt, and I will giue it thee;
Health, wealth, long life, wit, art, or dignitie.

Here-

Here-with ſhe blaſhing red, (for ſhame did adde
A crimſon tincture to her paliſh hew,)
Seeming in outward ſemblance paſſing glad,
As one that th' end of her petition knew)
She makes him ſweare by vgly *Acheron*,
That he his promiſe ſhould performe anon.

VVhich done: relying on his ſacred oath,
She askes of him the gift of prophecie:
He (ſilent) giues conſent: though ſeeming loath
To graunt ſo much to fraile mortallitie:
But ſince that he his vowes maie not recall,
He giues to her the ſp'rite prophetticall.

But ſhe no ſooner had obtain'd her wiſh,
VVhen ſtraite vnpris'ning her laſciuious armes
From his ſofte boſome (th'aluary of bliſſe)
She chaſtely counterchecks loues hote allarmes:
And fearing leſt his preſence might offend her,
She ſlips aſide: and (abſent) doth defend her.
(*Muliere ne credas, ne mortuæ quidem.*)

Looke

CASSANDRA.

Looke how a brightſome Planet in the skie,
(Spangling the Welkin with a golden ſpot)
Shootes ſuddenly from the beholders eie,
And leaues him looking there where ſhe is not:
Euen ſo amazed *Phœbus* (to diſcrie her)
Lookes all about, but no where can eſpie her.

Not th'hungry Lyon, hauing loſt his pray,
VVith greater furie runneth through the wood,
(Making no ſigne of momentarie ſtaie,
Till he haue ſatisfi'd himſelfe with blood,)
Then angry *Phœbus* mounts into the skie:
Threatning the world with his hot-burning eie.

Now nimbly to his gliſt'ring Coach he skips,
And churliſhlie aſcend's his loftie chaire,
Yerking his head ſtrong lades with yron whips,
Whoſe fearefull neighing ecchoes through the aire,
Snorting out fierie Sulphure from their noſethrils:
Whoſe deadly damp the worlds poore people kils.

Him

Him leaue me (for a while) amids the heauens,
VVreaking his anger on his ſturdie ſteedes:
Whoſe ſpeedful courſe the day & night now eeuens,
(The earth diſ-robed of her ſummer weedes) (vaile,
And nowe black-mantled night with her browne
Couers each thing that all the world might quaile.

VVhen loe, *Caſſandra* lying at her reſt,
(Her reſt were reſtleſſe thoughts:) it ſo befell,
Her minde with multitude of cares oppreſt,
Requir'd ſome ſleepe her paſſions to expell:
VVhich when ſad *Morpheus* well did vnderſtand,
He clos'd her cie-lids with his leaden hand.

Now ſleepeth shee: and as ſhe ſleepes, beholde;
Shee ſeemes to ſee the God whom late shee wronged
Standing before her; whoſe fierce lookes vnfold,
His hidden wrath (to whom iuſt ire belonged)
Seeing, shee ſighs, and ſighing quak't for feare,
To ſee the ſhaddow of her ſhame appeare.

Betwixt

Betwixt amaze and dread as shee thus ſtands,
The fearefull viſion drew more neere vnto her:
And pynioning her armes in captiue bands
So ſure, that mortall wight may not vndoe her,
He with a bloudy knife (oh cruell part,)
With raging fury ſtabd her to the heart.

Heerewith awaking from her ſlumbring ſleepe,
(For feare, and care, are enemies to reſt:)
At ſuch time as *Aurora* gins to peepe
And shew her ſelfe; far orient in the Eaſt:
Shee heard a voice which ſaid: O wicked woman
Why doſt thou ſtil the gods to vengeance ſummō?

Thou shalt (indeede) fore-tell of things to come;
And truely too; (for why my vowes are paſt)
But heare the end of *Ioues* eternall doome:
Becauſe thy promiſe did ſo little laſt,
Although thou tell the truth, (this gift I giue thee)
Yet for thy falſehood, no man shall beleeue thee.

This

And (for thy ſake) this pennance I impoſe
Vpon the remnant of all woman kinde,
For that they be ſuch truth profeſſed foes;
A conſtant woman ſhall be hard to finde:
And that all fleſh at my dread name may tremble,
Whē they weep moſt, thē ſhal they moſt diſſemble.

This ſaid *Apollo* then: And ſince that time
His words haue proued true as Oracles:
Whoſe turning thoughtes ambitiouſly doe clime
To heauens height; and world with lightnes filles
VVhoſe ſex are ſubiect to inconſtancie,
As other creatures are to deſtinie.

Yet famous *Sabrine* on thy banks doſt reſt
The faireſt Maide that euer world admired:
Whoſe conſtant minde, with heauenly giftes poſſeſt,
Makes her rare ſelfe of all the world deſired,
In whoſe chaſte thoughts no vanitie doth enter;
So pure a minde *Endymions* Loue hath lent her.

Queene

CASSANDRA.

Queene of my thoughts, but ſubiect of my verſe,
(Diuine *Eliza*) pardon my defect:
Whoſe artleſſe pen ſo rudely doth reherſe
Thy beauties worth; (for want of due reſpect)
Oh pardon thou the follies of my youth;
Pardon my faith, my loue, my zeale, my truth.

But to *Caſſandra* now: who hauing heard
The cruell ſentence of the threatning voice;
At length (too late) begins to waxe affeard,
Lamenting much her vnrepentant choice:
And ſeeing her hard hap without reliefe,
She ſheeds ſalt teares in token of her griefe.

VVhich when *Aurora* ſaw, and ſaw t'was ſhee,
Euen ſhee her ſelfe whoſe far-renowmed fame
Made all the world to wonder at her beauty,
It mou'd compaſſion in this ruthfull Dame:
And thinking on her Sonnes ſad deſtinie.
With mournfull teares ſhe beares her companie.

CASSANDRA.

Great was the mone, which faire *Cassandra* made:
Greater the kindneſſe, which *Aurora* ſhew'd:
VVhoſe ſorrow with the ſunne began to fade;
And her moiſt teares on th'earths greene graſſe be-
Kiſſing the flowers with her ſiluer dew. (ſtow'd:
VVhoſe fading beautie, ſeem'd her caſe to rew.

Scarce was the louely Eaſterne Queene departed,
From ſtately *Ilion*; (whoſe proud-reared wals
Seem'd to controule the cloudes, till *Vulcan* darted
Againſt their Towers his burning fier-bals)
When ſweet *Caſſandra* (leauing her ſoft bed)
In ſeemely ſort her ſelfe apparelled.

And hearing that her honourable Sire,
(Old princely *Pryamus Troy's* aged King)
Was gone into *Ioues* Temple, to conſpire
Againſt the *Greekes*, (whom he to war did bring)
Shee (like a Furie (in a bedlam rage,
Runs gadding thither, his fell wrath t'aſſwage.

But

But not preuailing: truely she fore-tolde
The fall of *Troy*, (with bold erected face:)
They count her hare-braind, mad, and ouer-bold,
To presse in presence in so graue a place:
But in meane season *Paris* he is gone,
To bring destruction on faire *Ilion*.

What, ten-yeeres siedge by force could not subuert,
That, two false traitors in one night destroi'd:
Who richly guerdon'd for their bad desert,
Was of *Aeneas* but small time inioi'd:
Who, for concealement of *Achilles* loue,
Was banished; from *Ilion* to remoue.

King *Pryam* dead and all the Troians slaine;
(His sonnes, his friends and deare confederates)
And lots now cast for captiues that remaine,
(Whom Death hath spared for more cruell fates)
Cassandra then to *Agamemnon* fell,
With whom a Lemman she disdain'd to dwell.

She, weepes; he, wooes; he, would, but she would not;
He, tell's his birth; shee, pleades virginitie:
He saith, selfe-pride doth rarest beauty blot:
(And with that word he kist her louingly:)
Shee, yeeldingly resists; he faines to die:
Shee, fall's for feare; he, on her feareles lie.

But this braue generall of all the *Greekes*,
VVas quickly foyled at a womans hands,
For who so rashly such incounters seekes,
Of hard mis-hap in danger euer stands:
Onely chaste thoughts, and vertuous abstinence,
Gainst such sweet poyson is the sur'st defence.

But who can shun the force of beauties blow?
Who is not rauisht with a louely looke?
Grac'd with a wanton eie, (the hearts dumb shew)
Such fish are taken with a siluer hooke:
And when true loue cannot these pearls obtaine,
Vnguentum Album is the only meane.

Farre

Farre be it from my thought (diuineſt Maid)
To haue relation to thy heauenly hew,
(In whoſe ſweet voice the Muſes are imbaid)
No pen can paint thy commendations due:
Saue only that pen, which no pen can be,
An Angels quill, to make a pen for thee.

But to returne to theſe vnhappie Louers,
(Sleeping ſecurely in each others armes,)
VVhoſe ſugred ioies nights ſable mantle couers,
Little regarding their enſuing harmes:
VVhich afterward they iointlie both repented:
"Fate is fore-ſeene, but neuer is preuented.

VVhich ſaying to be true, this luckleſſe Dame
Approued in the ſequele of her ſtory:
Now waxing pale, now bluſhing red (for ſhame)
Shee ſeales her lips with ſilence, (womens glory)
Till, *Agamemnon* vrging her replies,
Thus of his death she truely prophecies.

The day ſhall come, (quoth ſhe) ô diſmall daie!
When thou by falſe *Aegiſtus* ſhalt be ſlaine:
Heere could ſhe tell no more; but made a ſtay.
(From further ſpeech as willing to refraine:)
Not knowing then, nor little did ſhe thinke,
That ſhe with him of that ſame cup muſt drinke.

But what? (fond man) he laughes her skil to ſcorne,
And ieſteth at her diuination:
Ah to what vnbeliefe are Princes borne?
(The onely ouer-throw of many a Nation:)
And ſo it did befall this luckleſſe Prince,
Whom all the world hath much lamented ſince:

Inſteede of teares, he ſmileth at her tale:
Inſteede of griefe, he makes great ſhew of gladnes:
But after bliſſe, there euer followes bale;
And after mirth, there alwaies commeth ſadnes:
But gladneſſe, bliſſe, and mirth had ſo poſſeſt him,
That ſadnes, bale, & griefe, could not moleſt him.

Oh

CASSANDRA.

Oh cruell *Parcæ* (quoth *Caſſandra* then)
Why are you *Parcæ*, yet not mou'd with praier?
Oh ſmall ſecurity of mortall men,
That liue on earth, and breathe this vitall aire:
When we laugh moſt, then are we next to ſorrow;
The Birds feede vs to day, we them to morrow.

But if the firſt did little moue his minde,
Her later ſpeeches leſſe with him preuailed;
Who being wholy bent to ſelfe-will inclinde,
Deemes her weake braine with lunacy aſſailed:
And ſtill the more shee councels him to ſtay,
The more he ſtriueth to make haſte away.

How on the Seas he ſcap'd ſtormes, rocks & ſholes,
(Seas that enuide the conquceſt he had wone,
Gaping like hell to ſwallow Greekiſh ſoules,)
I heere omit; onely ſuppoſe it done:
His ſtorm-tyrde Barke ſafely brings him to ſhore,
His whole Fleete els, or ſuncke or loſt before.

Life

CASSANDRA.

Lift vp thy head, thou aſhie-cyndred *Troy*,
See the commaunder of thy traitor foes,
That made thy laſt nights woe, his firſt daies ioie,
Now gins his night of ioy and daie of woes:
His fall be thy delight, thine was his pride:
As he thee then, ſo now thou him deride.

He and *Caſſandra* now are ſet on ſhore,
VVhich he ſalutes with ioy, ſhe greetes with teares,
Currors are ſent that poaſt to Court before,
Whoſe tidings fill th'adulterous Queene with feares,
Who with *Aegiſtus* in a luſt ſtaind bed,
Her ſelfe, her King, her ſtate diſhonored.

Shee wakes the lecher with a loud-ſtraind ſhrike,
Loue-toies they leaue, now doth lament begin:
Ile flie (quoth he) but ſhe doth that miſlike,
Guilt vnto guilt, and ſinne ſhe adds to ſinne:
Shee meanes to kill (immodeſt loue to couer)
A kingly husband, for a caytiue louer.

The

The peoples ioies, conceiued at his returne,
Their thronging multitudes: their gladsome cries,
Their gleeful hymnes, whiles piles of incense burne:
Their publique shewes, kept at solemnities:
We passe: and tell how King & Queene did meet,
Where he with zeale, she him with guile did greet.

He (noble Lord) feareless of hidden treason,
Sweetely salutes this weeping Crocodile:
Excusing euery cause with instant reason
That kept him from her sight so long a while:
Shee, faintly pardons him: smiling by Art:
(For life was in her lookes, death in her hart.)

For pledge that I am pleas'd receiue (quoth shee,)
This rich wrought robe, thy *Clytemnestraes* toile:
Her ten yeeres worke this day shall honour thee,
For ten yeeres war, and one daies glorious spoile:
Whil'st thou contendedst there, I heere did this:
Weare it my loue, my life, my ioy, my blisse,

Scarce

Scarce had the Syren ſaid, what I haue writ,
But he (kind Prince) by her milde words miſled,
Receiu'd the robe, to trie if it were fit;
(The robe) that had no iſſue for his head:
Which, whil'ſt he vainly hoped to haue found,
Aegiſtus pierſt him with a mortal wound.

Oh how the *Troyan* Damzell was amazed,
To ſee ſo fell and bloudy a Tragedie,
Performed in one Act: ſhe naught but gazed,
Vpon the picture; whom ſhe dead did ſee,
Before her face: whoſe body ſhe emballms,
With brenniſh teares, and ſudden deadly qualms.

Faine would ſhe haue fled backe on her ſwift horſe,
But *Clytemneſtra* bad her be content,
Her time was com'n: now bootleſſe vs'd ſhe force,
Againſt ſo many; whom this Tygreſſe ſent
To apprehend her: who (within one hower
Brought backe againe) was lockt within a Tower.

Now

Now is she ioylesse, friendlesse, and (in fine)
VVithout all hope of further libertie:
In steed of cates, cold water was her wine,
And *Agamemnons* corps her meate must be,
Or els she must for hunger starue (poore sole)
What could she do but make great mone & dole.

So darke the dungeon was, wherein she was,
That neither Sunne (by day) nor Mone (by night)
Did shew themselues: and thus it came to passe.
The Sunne denide to lend his glorious light
To such a periur'd wight, or to be seene;
(What neede shee light, that ouer-light had bin?

Now silent night drew on: when all things sleepe,
Saue theeues, & cares: & now still mid-night came:
VVhen sad *Cassandra* did naught els but weepe;
Oft calling on her *Agamemnons* name.
But seeing that the dead did not replie,
Thus she begins to mourne, lament, and crie.

Oh

CASSANDRA.

Oh cruell Fortune, (mother of diſpaire,)
Well art thou chriſten'd with a cruell name:
Since thou regardeſt not the wiſe, or faire,
But do'ſt beſtow thy riches (to thy shame)
On fooles & lowly ſwaines, that care not for thee:
And yet I weepe, and yet thou do'ſt abhorre me.

Fie on ambition, fie on filthy pride,
The roote of ill, the cauſe of all my woe:
On whoſe fraile yce my youth firſt ſlipt aſide:
And falling downe, receiu'd a fatall blow.
Ah who hath liu'd to ſee ſuch miſerie
As I haue done, and yet I cannot die?

I liu'd (quoth she) to ſee *Troy* ſet a fire:
I liu'd to ſee, renowmed *Hector* ſlaine:
I liu'd to ſee, the shame of my deſire:
And yet I liue, to feele more grieuous paine:
Let all young maides example take by me,
To keepe their oathes, and ſpotleſſe chaſtity,

Happy

Happy are they, that neuer liu'd to know
What t'is to liue in this world happily:
Happy are they which neuer yet felt woe:
Happy are they, that die in infancie:
Whoſe ſins are cancell'd in their mothers wombe:
Whoſe cradle is their graue, whoſe lap their tomb.

Here ended shee: & then her teares began,
That (Chorus-like) at euery word downe-rained,
VVhich like a paire of chriſtall fountaines ran,
Along her louely cheekes: with roſes ſtained:
VVhich as they wither ſtill (for want of raine)
Thoſe ſiluer showers water them againe.

Now had the poore-mans clock (ſhrill chauntcleare)
Twice giuen notice of the Mornes approach,
(That then began in glorie to appeare,
Drawne in her ſtately colour'd ſaffron-Coach)
VVhen shee (poore Lady) almoſt turn'd to teares,
Began to teare and rend her golden haires.

Lie

CASSANDRA.

Lie there (quoth shee) the workers of my woes;
You trifling toies, which my hues staine haue bin:
You, by whose meanes our coines chiefly growes,
Clothing the backe with pride, the soule with sin:
Lie there (quoth shee) the causers of my care;
This said, her robes shee all in peeces tare.

Here-with, as weary of her wretched life,
(VVhich shee inioy'd with small fælicitie)
Shee ends her fortune with a fatall knife;
(First day of ioy, last day of miserie:)
Then why is death accounted Natures foe,
Since death (indeed) is but the end of woe?

For as by death, her bodie was releasd
From that strong prison made of lime and stone;
Euen so by death her purest soule was easd,
From bodies prison, and from endlesse mone:
VVhere now shee walkes in sweete *Elysium*,
(The place for wrongful Death and Martirdum.)

FINIS.